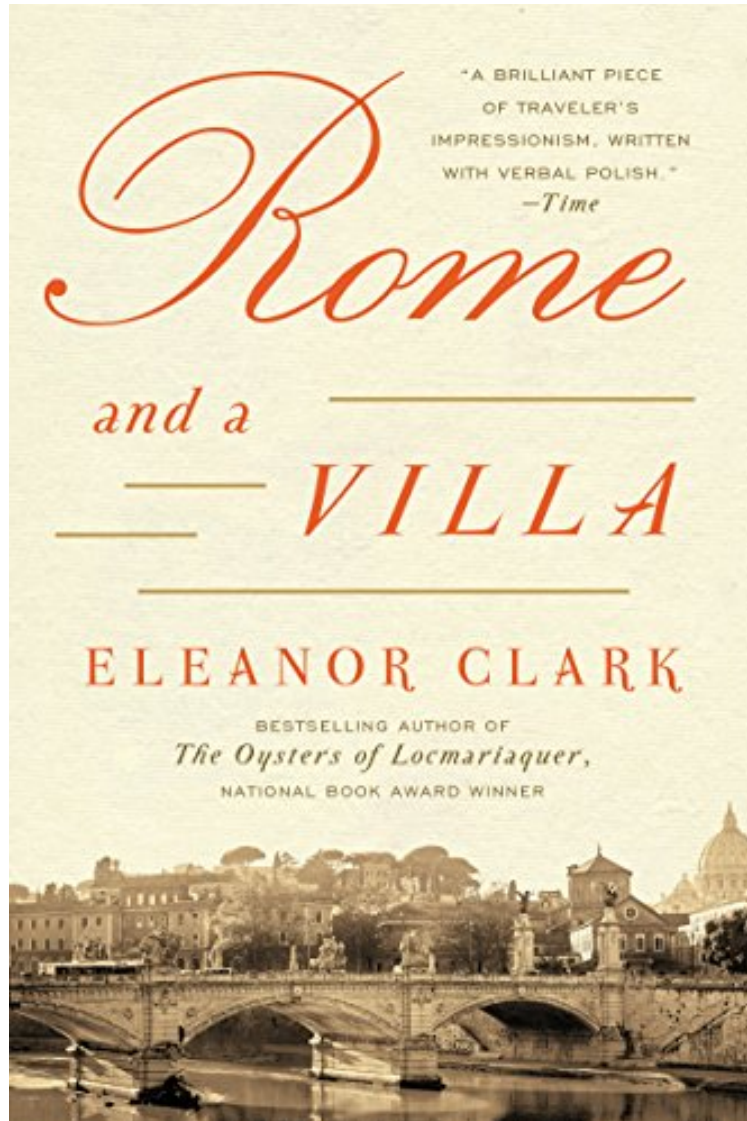


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Rome and a Villa (P.S. (Paperback))

Von Eleanor Clark

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Von Eleanor Clark : Rome and a Villa (P.S. (Paperback)) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Rome and a Villa (P.S. (Paperback)):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. As good as a vacation... Von M. NesbitIf you need to escape from the drudgery of your everyday life for awhile than this is the book for you.Clark's masterpiece is as good as a month in the country. And not just any country either. All of Italy is opened to you by the mind and imagination of Eleanor Clark. She covers the territory from the haunted villa of

Hadrian to the dangerous hills of Sicily and the cool depths of Saint Peter's Cathedral. You will meet with the ghost of the Emperor himself, a modern gangster cum matinee idol and the pilgrims of a Papal Jubilee. Clark's prose is a whirlwind that leaves you breathless. She throws off sparks in all directions like a Catherine's Wheel. You won't "get" all of this book on the first go round but it is well worth a second and a third reading.

KurzbeschreibungIn 1947 a young american woman named Eleanor Clark went to Rome on a Guggenheim fellowship to write a novel. But Rome had its way with her, the novel was abandoned, and what followed was not a novel but a series of sketches of Roman life, most written between 1948 and 1951. This new edition of her now classic book includes an evocative foreword by the eminent translator William Weaver, who was a close friend of the author's and often wandered the city with her during the years she was working on Rome and a Villa. Once in Rome, the foreign writer or artist, over the course of weeks, months, or years, begins to lose ambition, to lose a sense of urgency, to lose even a sense of self. What once seemed all-consuming is swallowed up by Rome's pace of life; by the fatalism of the Roman people, to whom everything and nothing matters; by the sheer historic weight and scale of the place. Rome is life itself messy, random, anarchic, comical one moment, tragic the next, and above all, seductive. Clark pays special attention to Roman art and architecture. In the book's midsection she looks at Hadrian's Villa an enormous, unfinished palace as a metaphor for the city itself: decaying, imperial, shabby, but capable of inducing an overwhelming dreaminess in its visitors. The book's final chapter, written for an updated edition in 1974, is a lovely portrait of the so-called Protestant cemetery where Keats, Shelley, and other foreign notables are buried.

PressestimmenThese essays gather up Rome and hold it before us, bristling and dense and dreamlike, with every scene drenched in the sound of fountains, of leaping and falling water. (The New Yorker) Perhaps the finest book ever to be written about a city. (New York Times) Witty without being flippant, unhurried without being slow, informative without being pedantic, contemplative and poetic without heaviness or affectation, Eleanor Clark's book about Rome is, of course, a book about human destiny. To be as good as it is, it could not simply be about the buildings of Rome. (New York Herald Tribune) Like Rome itself, Rome and a Villa is sensual, demanding attention, patience, and pause. Reading the book is a meditative experience. . . The only thing to do in the face of this overwhelming emotional onslaught is to give in to it, as Clark did. (New Criterion) A brilliant piece of travelers impressionism, written with verbal polish. (Time magazine)

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